

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION. Single copy, 5 cents. One year, \$2.00.

The Free Trade movement is beginning to assume the dimensions of a set battle between the British and the American theory of dealing with American manufactures. A convention of Free Traders will be held at Stratford on the eighteenth of this month, where it is proposed to effect a regular organization of the Free Traders, to encourage the establishment of Free Trade Leagues, and to locate a representative committee to Washington to look after the interests of the organization. Looking at the subject on purely economic grounds, and it must require a deplorable opacity of vision to bring individuals to the conscientious belief that Free Trade, as proposed, will result otherwise than in the ruin of American industries, and ensue our artisans. The free trade of England is not more than thirty years standing, and then only applies to such manufactured articles in which she can compete with other nations. The persistence with which David A. Wells presses free trade doctrine, when he has so often laid before him the consequences which would attend such a policy, would almost justify the statement so often made, that he is a man of one idea.

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Several small thefts have been committed during the past few weeks, and it would be well for the citizens to be on the alert, and have the offenders brought to light. In two instances have groceries and other articles of merchandise been taken from carriages while left standing for a short time with no one to take charge of them. A good coat belonging to B. Frank Taylor was taken from the lumber office one night not long since. The ones who took it were kind enough to take memorandum book, cigar case, etc., from the pocket, and leave them lying on the table. A greater act of kindness would have been to have left the coat there also.

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The town of Wapakoneta, Ohio, was the scene of a wonderful daring and successful robbery on Wednesday night of last week. Mr. Myers, the Treasurer of the county, had been attending a Catholic festival during the evening, and about nine and ten o'clock started for his home. He walked along quietly until near the center of the town. Here he was suddenly seized from behind by a gang of men, and gagged. He was then carried by his captors into a dark alley and held a prisoner until midnight, when he was taken to the Court House which was forcibly entered. There the robbers demanded the combination of the safe containing the county funds. He refused to give it, whereupon they placed hot coals to his feet, and forced him, after much suffering to reveal the combination. The robbers then opened the safe and abstracted \$40,000 therefrom. Myers was discovered the next morning lying helpless on the floor, in a suffering condition.

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Point Pleasant Items.

Rev. George Young has bought the building lot of Andrew Swartz, situated along the river road at the north end of our village, and is making preparations toward building a dwelling house upon it. Joseph Butterfield of New Jersey has the contract for building it. The weekly prayer meetings for the fall and winter months were closed on last Wednesday evening at the Baptist church. A goodly number were in attendance, and the meeting was led by E. Melville Warford. Prof. Wm. A. Healer, a Lancaster geologist, has for some time past been engaged in searching our hills for iron ore, and claims to have found a rich vein of the ore upon the property of Leonard Laverell, but so far none of it has been taken out, and the report in the *Easton Free Press* a short time ago, that large quantities of ore were being taken from this vein is incorrect. On the Jersey side of the river the Professor has found ore of some kind, but what it is, and in how large quantities it is to be found, your correspondent is not prepared to say.

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EDITOR GAZETTE:—One of the new industries of this port, and one, too, which will in time effect all sections of the country, is the exportation of beef to Europe. On an average 2,800 head of cattle a week are now shipped in refrigerated apartments built into transatlantic vessels, and every now and then from 50 to 100 live cattle are sent over by European steamers, the American line refusing to take any beef not dressed for the market. The immense steamer erected on the west bank of the Schuylkill, the Pennsylvania, built for the Company, has a capacity of 5,000 head a week, and even this can be increased when circumstances warrant it. Reports from England indicate that the supply of native cattle is becoming exhausted, and the day is evidently not far distant when American beef will be used almost exclusively in the mother country. I might tell you about another new industry, the manufacture of oleo-margarine—imitation butter—but the firm are naturally somewhat reticent in regard to the extent of their business. I only know that hundreds of pounds of the peculiar compound are shipped weekly to England, where it is (probably) sold as the best butter. It is claimed, however, that not an ounce of it is sold in this country. It will be a difficult task to remove the prejudice against this article of diet, but the truth is, it is as pure, as wholesome, and as truly *butter*, as the finest product of the dairy. It is made of highly clarified animal fat or meat, taken fresh from the steer when slaughtered, and, after being churned with milk, colored to suit the fancy of the purchaser. As the cream of milk is essentially animal fat, the only real difference between the appearance the resemblance is so close that the consumer of a manufacturer could distinguish the difference if samples of both were placed before him.

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Philadelphia, Sept. 10, 1877.

EDITOR GAZETTE:—As a big fish swallows up a small of little fishes, so does a big city swallow up a small of little cities. This is a fact, and one, too, which will in time effect all sections of the country, is the exportation of beef to Europe. On an average 2,800 head of cattle a week are now shipped in refrigerated apartments built into transatlantic vessels, and every now and then from 50 to 100 live cattle are sent over by European steamers, the American line refusing to take any beef not dressed for the market. The immense steamer erected on the west bank of the Schuylkill, the Pennsylvania, built for the Company, has a capacity of 5,000 head a week, and even this can be increased when circumstances warrant it. Reports from England indicate that the supply of native cattle is becoming exhausted, and the day is evidently not far distant when American beef will be used almost exclusively in the mother country. I might tell you about another new industry, the manufacture of oleo-margarine—imitation butter—but the firm are naturally somewhat reticent in regard to the extent of their business. I only know that hundreds of pounds of the peculiar compound are shipped weekly to England, where it is (probably) sold as the best butter. It is claimed, however, that not an ounce of it is sold in this country. It will be a difficult task to remove the prejudice against this article of diet, but the truth is, it is as pure, as wholesome, and as truly *butter*, as the finest product of the dairy. It is made of highly clarified animal fat or meat, taken fresh from the steer when slaughtered, and, after being churned with milk, colored to suit the fancy of the purchaser. As the cream of milk is essentially animal fat, the only real difference between the appearance the resemblance is so close that the consumer of a manufacturer could distinguish the difference if samples of both were placed before him.

Among the innumerable sharp tricks played upon the unsuspecting by the grocer's folk—individuals who live by their wits, none are more characteristic of the class than the following, discovered a few days ago. A gentleman from Maryland, who came to the city to purchase goods transacted his business with one of the leading houses on Market street, and just after leaving was accosted by a young man who called him by name, and he was a son of one of the partners of the firm with whom the stranger had just been talking. The youth after conversing pleasantly on general topics, explained that he was going around to 221 South Ninth street, to get a lottery ticket cashed, having bought a lucky number in New York. Of course the stranger accompanied him, and was accommodating enough to cash a \$200 check for the young man, in order that he might try his fortune a second time. The check proved to be worthless. Another, of a wily different character, happened last Friday. One of two partners in a newly established business, advised that for excellent reasons he would dispose of his interest for \$400. As the other partner did not object, and there was "millions in it," and he was trying to raise money to buy out his friend himself, a purchase was soon found, and the old and the new parties started together. Shortly afterwards the old member of the member of the firm quickly disposed of his share for \$400, to the surprise of all, and two green hands unexpectedly found themselves with a few boxes of worthless stock, a big rent bill and numerous other expenses, entirely too heavy to comfortably shoulder. In both these instances arrests were made, and the prisoners have a prospect of speedy punishment abed.

Have no fears of a coal famine, no matter how many miners strike. Tons of thousands of tons are piled up at the principal depots, and at the leading wharves in the north eastern section of the city over 15,000 tons are received daily. Sometimes the shipments reach as high as 25,000 tons in twenty-four hours, while for the past ten days upwards of 2,000 cars have been daily received and unloaded. That coal will advance somewhat during the next month is very evident, but unless a general lockout occurs, it is not likely that prices for the winter will be materially higher than those of last season. C. W. F.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 10, 1877. EDITOR GAZETTE:—Naturally the revelations which his highness the "boss" made before the aldermanic committee last week, as spoken of in the preceding letter, formed the chief excitement for the week. While he was testifying in the City Hall, the pendulum with which he was being dealt, swung back and forth, and passed through the hands of great anxiety and agony. Tweed didn't tell much, but he told enough to let us know that he has met a jail. In the few days to come he may explode those bombshells with which he seems to be always playing. If he does, the effect will be tremendous. As I write, there is a wild feeling abroad in certain sections of the community, which is caused by that dread of the inevitable something that is in the air. When the storm that presages the tidal wave dies away upon the tropical coast, the silence that ensues is something terrific. The guilty people are now enjoying such an interval of silence. Mr. Tweed has not said much yet; but he has shown that he has a good deal to say. The most remarkable thing about his investigation was the cold-blooded manner in which he confessed himself a thief. "Did you sign such a check, or wink at such an audacious fraud? Did it would rob the city treasury?" I said—"we did—it did," were the unblinking answers to all such queries. It was plain that the notorious prisoner of Ludlow street jail had come to the conclusion that if frankness could not benefit him, it at least could not make his position more disagreeable. He was evidently unbothered which saves so many recalcitrant rogues, who never thought, to quote the language of the school in which they were educated, "that the Boss would speak." I saw Mr. Tweed the other day, when he was on the rack, and I never saw him look better, during the time, I mean, that he has been in jail, since his return from Spain. He was almost jovial, and nodded pleasantly to the right and left as old acquaintances greeted him. The "Boss" has lost a good deal of flesh, but the loss makes him appear more than was his wont. He was nearly dressed, and thoroughly at ease. What I consider a most remarkable circumstance was this: His son William sat along beside of him, and heard his father declare himself a felon over and over again, without showing the slightest discomposure.

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